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A Catholic View

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by Jerome G. Kerwin

Report from Cannes

A Festival of Films

by Maryvonne Butcher

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN

BARRING UNEXPECTED developments in the next few months, the President's return from the Far East provides a symbolic ending for the Eisenhower era in international relations. Now the entire pattern of American foreign policy for the past eight years, including Mr. Eisenhower's ventures in personal diplomacy, will become a central issue in the coming campaign.

That this should be so is at once inevitable and right. It is inevitable because every candidate for the Democratic nomination—including, since Japan, even Senator Lyndon Johnson—must be counted as a serious critic of Administration foreign policy. And it is right because of the gravity of the indictment against present United States policies made by these and many other observers: that the relative power of the United States *vis a vis* the Soviet Union has been seriously reduced; that the confidence of our allies in United States leadership has been seriously shaken; that the neutralist nations and the peoples of the newly free countries are turning away from us; and, in general, that the tide of world events is running against our interests.

The most comfortable way to view the disorders which led to the cancellation of the President's visit to Japan would be to regard them as part of the world-wide Communist effort to discredit and damage the United States. This view would, of course, be partially correct. There were, clearly, strong Communist influences at work in the massive demonstrations against the United States-Japanese security pact, and the forced alteration in President Eisenhower's plans was a cause for great rejoicing in Moscow and Peiping. And yet the United States would only be compounding past mistakes if we simply blamed the Communists for what happened in Japan.

The student and worker demonstrations in Japan could not have taken place if popular support for the United States-Japanese pact were not less than we had been led to suppose and if popular resentment against Premier Kishi had not been greater than we had been allowed to suspect. But neither of these factors would have been enough to set off the prolonged and violent demonstrations without a made-to-order trigger. That trigger was supplied by the U-2 incident, which most American commentators continue to underestimate.

HERE THE recent report of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on the U-2 matter deserves serious attention. The Senate group, which consists of eleven Democrats and six Republicans, took testimony from the key figures involved and spent days weighing and sifting the available evidence. In the end, despite the explosive and potentially partisan nature of the subject, fourteen of the seventeen Senators—ten Democrats and four Republicans—signed a report which they felt put the U-2 matter in fair perspective. In substance that report held that the U-2 incident had been mishandled in almost every respect, singling out in particular these points: the timing of the flight itself, the inadequacy of the pre-arranged cover story, the statement that responsible U.S. officials had not authorized the flight, the subsequent and unprecedented assumption of personal responsibility by the President, followed in turn by Secretary of State Herter's ambiguous statement about the future of the U-2 which was interpreted here and abroad as a flat assertion that United States flights over Russia would continue—an interpretation, it should be noted, that was not denied for almost a week, by which time the harm had been done.

As the Committee report notes, Premier Khrush-

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chev was already believed to be under strong anti-Western pressure from Stalinists and hard-line advocates of an "inevitable" war with capitalism, both at home and in Peiping. In this situation, the U-2 statements by President Eisenhower and Secretary Herter made the position of the Russian Premier difficult if not impossible. If Nikita Khrushchev wanted a pretext for breaking off the Paris meeting, the United States certainly supplied it, and only the Soviet leader's intemperate performance in Paris prevented the affair from being an even worse defeat for the United States.

As it was, allied nations in which the United States has bases—including Japan—were put in a position at least as awkward as that of Mr. Khrushchev. Warned by the Soviet Union that they will be targets for U.S.S.R. missiles in the event of further espionage flights from their territory, they are almost certainly going to insist on rigid guarantees about future U.S. activities from their bases, and the work of the U-2 reconnaissance planes has in fact been crippled if not halted entirely.

It is in this context that events in Japan must be judged. Foreign policy decisions involve calculated risks, and Administration spokesmen would like to put the U-2 affair and the President's unsuccessful trip to Japan in this category. This would be fair enough—but only if sufficient evidence of calculation were forthcoming. To try to cover up our own mistakes with calls for courage and "bold action" against Communism, in the words of Mr. Eisenhower's television report to the nation, is sheer self-deception. At this point what is needed is full and honest debate on foreign policy, directed to the issues rather than to personalities—a debate which would help to clarify matters for the next President, whether he be a Republican or a Democrat.

REALITY AND THE AMERICAN DREAM

FOR SOME TIME now perceptive people have voiced their uneasiness about America, about her society, her culture, her sense of national purpose. Each spokesman has revealed and made more meaningful what we have long known as a truism: our grasp of the present and our hopes and plans for the future depend to a large extent on our understanding of the past. If people disagree about important events of history they are likely to disagree on present courses of action. We find ourselves, for example, in sharp disagreement with some recent statements of Mr. Archibald MacLeish.

In a contribution to *Life* magazine Mr. MacLeish stated succinctly that the American national purpose was "to liberate from domination; to set men free." Proceeding from this formulation, he made several admirable and provocative comments on present conditions in America. But he also made statements that are open to question on various levels. The subtle and almost elusive logic of Mr. MacLeish's argument demands that he be quoted at some length.

"There are minorities, of course," writes Mr. MacLeish, "who have little enthusiasm for the actualities of the American commitment to freedom, but this is largely because they do not understand what the argument it culminated was all about. Certain areas on the fringes of Europe were preserved by their geographical location from the necessity of living through the crisis of the Western mind which we call the Reformation, and American stock from those areas tends to find the master-mistress idea of the American Revolution—the idea which raised it from a minor war for independence to a world event—incomprehensible if not actually misguided. It is not a question of religion. Catholics from the heart of the European continent understand Jefferson as well as any Protestant. It is a question of geography. Men and women whose ancestors were not obliged to fight the battle for or against freedom of conscience cannot for the life of them understand why censorship should be considered evil or why authority is not preferable to freedom."

There is much in this brief paragraph that is pleasantly provocative. The facile opposition between authority and freedom and the lack of qualifications in terming all censorship evil might be justified by considering the simplification such an article demands. But even terribile oversimplification does not allow the easy leap from the Reformation to Jefferson. To swallow such a reading of the past is to invite historical indigestion. As for the puzzling identity of the minorities whose commitment to freedom is questionable, we are not left long in doubt. Mr. MacLeish goes on:

"The Irish Catholics, who are among the most persistent and politically powerful advocates of increasing censorship in the U. S., and who are brought up to submit to clerical authority in matters which the American tradition reserves to the individual conscience, are nevertheless among the most fervent of patriots. And if their enthusiasm for freedom of the mind is restrained, their passion for freedom of the man is glorious. Only if a separate system of education should be used to perpetu-

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ate the historical ignorance and moral obtuseness on which fear of freedom of the mind is based would the danger of the rejection of the American dream from this quarter become serious."

One might make a tortured case that since Ireland did not live through the Reformation in the same fashion as other countries it simply did not live through it. But to suggest that the Irish were not obliged to fight the battle for "freedom of conscience" is to show oneself startlingly ignorant of modern history. And that Irish Catholics show undue submission to clerical authority is a belief that can be held today only by one who responds more to stereotypes than to individual persons.

All of this would be only of academic interest, of course, if it did not lead to Mr. MacLeish's odd conclusion about a "separate system of education." Unless there is a system of which we are unaware intended specifically for Irish Catholics, Mr. MacLeish is referring, presumably, to the Catholic schools in this country. But they, of course, are attended and operated by people whose ancestors had varied experience of the Reformation, of the American Revolution, and, even, of Jefferson. And if that system perpetuates "historical ignorance and moral obtuseness" the fault should be attributed not to the Irish but to Catholicism. While Mr. MacLeish does not quite make that charge, he is obviously worried about the existence of Catholic schools in this country.

Mr. MacLeish's comments demonstrate, we think, the original truism: our understanding of the present will be little better than our grasp of the past. In so far as we are skeptical of Mr. MacLeish's knowledge of some past realities, we are skeptical of the future he would envision. It is possible to distinguish the dreamer from the American dream.

CAMPAIGNING ON T.V.

FOR THE campaigning politician it is essential to gain the attention of the electorate. The unknown candidate is the unelected candidate. While the converse is not necessarily true—the best-known candidate is not always successful—most candidates act as if it were. Only such a belief, we think, can account for the intermittent antic behavior of otherwise serious men when they run for office.

While temptations have always presented themselves to campaigning politicians, T.V. has intensified them. Almost no prominent candidate for the Presidency, for example, has failed to appear on T.V. to present his position. Given the conditions of a Presidential campaign this is almost inevitable. Still, some choices are possible. It can't be essential for a candidate to deliver a message punctuated at frequent intervals with ads for lipsticks, undergarments, and soft drinks—at least that's the way we feel as non-candidates. We're not giving advice to the candidates and telling them to stay off unlikely programs. They may, for all our misgivings, gain votes this way; we are only expressing our uneasiness about what appear to us to be unseemly actions for future Presidents.

CULTURAL EXCHANGES

WHILE THE Western countries and the Communist powers continue to debate their relative destructive power, their various intellectual and cultural exchanges continue. The partisan advantages to be gained from exchanges of various kinds, apart from their intrinsic merit, is still open to debate. Yet no one, even the most skeptical observer, can discount them entirely.

Those who remain doubtful about the effectiveness of cultural exchanges might well consider Germany, where Berlin offers a microcosm of the struggle which extends far beyond it. Both West Berlin and East Berlin have entered with a will into intense artistic and theatrical competition. West Berlin has provided a large subsidy to opera, theaters and concert houses in order to entice East Berliners into its sector. The greater freedom evident in the theater of West Berlin has proved to be attractive to East Germans and is said to be a source of concern to German Communist officials.

But East Berlin too has its strong attractions, all the more attractive because they are free from crude attempts to propagandize. While the theater founded by the late Bertolt Brecht remains highly popular and draws heavily upon his work, much traditional Western art is offered. Apparently each side is highly effective and neither has an edge. Both West and East Berlin realize they must subsidize the arts if they wish to exhibit themselves at their cultural best. And, they must reason, only if they exhibit themselves at their cultural best can they be most influential. The cultural engagement between Communism and the Western world is more evident in Berlin than it is elsewhere, but the struggle is the same. We can learn from what is happening in Berlin that the United States has a clear and definite interest in encouraging and promoting the best of the cultural exchanges.

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The Church and the State

Even the most enthusiastic statist must deny that the state can and should serve all the needs of man

by JEROME G. KERWIN

WHAT are the Catholic theories on church and state? At the outset let it be said that no Catholic can consent in principle to a theory of a "union of church and state." This theory in effect denies that *two* societies exist—the one having for its legitimate purpose the temporal good of man, the other the salvation of men's souls. The Catholic also rejects the principle of modern positivism that makes every act of the state legal because it is enacted by the state—a doctrine that sets aside divine or natural law as a standard by which all political acts must be measured.

The Catholic refuses to accept any idea of separation of church and state which sets off each in an isolated compartment, the two parts having no relationship in cooperating for the common good. The Church cannot ignore men's temporal needs . . . that is man must eat in order to pray. To set off the two spheres, temporal and spiritual, in an artificial manner is wrong in theory and impossible of realization. The state will either be friendly to religion or hostile—there is no middle ground. The Catholic also rejects the idea that religion is the expression of a national spirit, English, French, German, or Spanish. The Church's interest is not primarily in the *polis* but in the *cosmopolis*.

The Catholic does not accept the idea of the Church as just another social organization like a club or fraternal order, a chamber of commerce, or a labor union. The Church conceives of herself as a perfect society, just as the state is, but having an end more important for man than any purely human organization. The Catholic believes that his Church is *one* and *holy*, that it is the one means chosen by Christ for the salvation of men. While not denying that other religious groups have much of the truth, and not denying to their sincere members the salvation that Christ desires for all men, the Catholic Church teaches that it has the complete deposit of truth necessary for salvation and that all who are convinced of this must accept its teaching on peril of losing eternal life. Its belief is that other religious groups suffer from a defect of the whole truth in matters spiritual. The Church makes no claim to supreme and unerring knowledge in the temporal order—it does not know the last or final word in social, political or other mundane affairs. And its knowledge of the physical universe may be as erring as anyone else's.

WITHOUT question, every believing Christian or Jew can admit the primacy of the spiritual. Here we are not referring to any church or creed. One's relationship with the Supreme Being, Creator and Lord of the Universe, in the spirit of the first commandment, supersedes all interests and all claims. To hold that the voice of the political order, whether of ruler or people, is the voice of God is idolatry theologically and totalitarianism politically.

Even for the unbeliever, the concepts of the spiritual hold an unquestionable truth, for he must know from his own reason that something transcends the state. He may contend that a natural law, the rules of decency of mankind, the voice of conscience, or the whole field of the arts, the sciences, philosophy, or the domain of "spiritual rights" lie outside the state's competence; he may think of the word spiritual as touching things of the mind and convictions, or personal liberty. But no one can claim total allegiance for the political order without degrading the individual personality to a condition of social servitude.

The study of politics begins with a study of man and his needs and a determination of which of these needs the state can serve in the interest of the common good. Even the most enthusiastic statist must deny that the state can and should serve all the needs of man. By its very nature and in the practical order it cannot.

To the believer, however, there is an order that

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transcends the temporal order. As Jacques Maritain puts it: "The direct ordination of the human person to God transcends every created common good—both the common good of the political society and the intrinsic common good of the universe. Here is the rock of the dignity of the human person as well as the unshakeable requirements of the Christian message."

Serving man's needs for peace, for material goods, for the pursuit of learning, for ordered social living, for the promotion of the virtues, the state ranks high in the institutions of men. It is not a necessary evil, but a positive good, and he who serves it well serves God and man, for what is ordained by nature for man is ordained by God. Yet the state and the end it serves are subordinate to the spiritual order—a principle that has been generally held throughout the whole history of Western thought, and one that is not abrogated by the difficulty of its application.

The superiority or supremacy of the spiritual does not mean a complete subordination of the political order to the whim of every churchman; it is a superiority of prestige and dignity and a power without arms. Undoubtedly there have been times in history when servants of the spiritual order have claimed more than has been their due, but these incidents are more often magnified while the civilizing and humane influences of the spiritual power are buried in the dust of history.

While no one would defend today the existence of a whole hierarchy of ecclesiastical courts independently functioning within the state, one may not deny the numberless times throughout past ages when such judicial institutions were the sole defenders of the little people against semi-barbarous overlords. We too frequently think of the horrors of the Spanish variety at the Court of the Inquisition, or churchly rule over all merriment in Puritan England, or the harsh condemnation of the erring by New England divines; these extreme situations to many may exemplify the supremacy of the spiritual. But even the Court of the Inquisition, whatever happened to it under the Spanish tyranny, was initiated as a means for protecting people from unjust accusation of heresy on the part of the irresponsible leaders of the mob.

The danger today does not lurk in the claims of ecclesiastical power, but in the claims of the temporal power. Neither the Catholic Church nor any other church can stand up against the power of the state. May it not even be said that in actual practice we have today a supremacy of the temporal power? The forces of religion are indeed strong when mobilized in most northern countries of the West, but people everywhere have developed a cautious attitude in mixing the political and the religious. How the principle of the supremacy of the spiritual shall be effectuated in our times remains a problem not just for Catholics but for every religious group.

THE SECOND principle from the Catholic point of view is freedom for the Church in the sphere of its work—freedom to administer the sacraments, freedom to preach and teach, freedom to engage in missionary enterprise, freedom to worship, freedom in its own internal government. Considering its position as the Church founded by Christ, it is ordered to seek this freedom. It must oppose by the spiritual means at hand every obstacle placed in the way of this freedom.

In recent times, this freedom has been curtailed to a considerable degree in Scandinavian countries, in lands under the Orthodox Church and in Moslem countries, although the curtailment has been most extreme under the totalitarian regimes. Even under restrictive regimes, the Church seeks to work and adapt itself, knowing that it may not, even under unpopular types of government, surrender its mission for the care of souls.

This last point has often been misunderstood in recent years when the Church has worked in lands under political tyrannies. It has been charged that this adaptability has meant approval of totalitarian systems, but in such cases the Church, without setting its seal of approval on the regime, has kept its sights on the people whose spiritual needs it must care for even under difficulties. It never feels that it can ask the supreme sacrifice of freedom and life from the great masses of the people by throwing them headlong into warfare with a political system. Obviously, this does not mean that it will sacrifice the fundamental principles of Christianity in exchange for any favors from the powers that be. One of the secrets of the success of the Church throughout the ages has been its adaptability to conditions most unfavorable to its work; yet it has kept the nature of its primary mission clearly in view. With complete freedom or with little freedom, it will work, but its *right* to complete freedom it will not deny.

Believing Christians and Jews seek a like freedom; the Jews, however, would say that they have no missionary doctrine to follow. Unbelievers will often see the basic justification for this freedom if they recognize the right of the person to follow his convictions, to organize for the purpose, and peacefully to try to convince others of his points of view. They will be favorable to the concept that diversity in opinion in the body politic leads to a richer social life, provided, of course, the opinion does not lead to the undermining of the social and political order.

THE THIRD principle may be termed co-operation. In the modern era, this principle is the most generally misunderstood. In the strict sense, co-operation and separation are not compatible terms. A constitutional principle of the separation of powers exists in the American system of government in which executive, legislative, and judicial functions are defined as distinct

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and as holding specific areas of power, but no one thinks of the President as sitting at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue aloof and cut off from Congress at the other end. We normally think of the term separation as meaning a severance of all the relations, official or otherwise. Unfortunately, that is the unrealistic sense in which some people interpret the phrase "separation of church and state."

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr has rightly said: "I think we have to reject the idea that there can be an absolute wall of separation between Church and State. We cannot accept this because both Church and State today articulate the community in its various functions. Ways must be found in which Church and State do cooperate, provided there be no specific advantage to one religion over another."

At a thousand points the members of churches and sometimes the churches themselves meet the government, and for the most part in co-operation. If the term *separation* means that the Church should not get itself involved in the myriad forms of politics—directing, advising, using influence through the spoils system, or enmeshing itself in the temporal affairs which properly belong to the state, then every reasonable person can agree that separation is good. There can and should be an area, considering religion in general, not the Catholic Church alone, midway between the solitary aloofness implied in separation and total involvement, in which churches can and should carry out their mission. But to the Catholic, the principle of co-operation logically follows from the other principles of the primacy of the spiritual and the necessary freedom of the Church.

It should be remembered that the end of the state is the common good. The ends pursued by man are, however, not so separated that one does not impinge upon or include the other. We may, for instance, talk about two separate disciplines such as theology and philosophy, but at some points the borders of each touch; or we may consider physics and chemistry, and yet the first principles of the latter are found in the former. As in the fields of knowledge, so in the realm of man's end or purpose in life—an order of values exists for him and one value may overlap the other or one value may be basic for the other.

Or, in another context, I cannot pray and serve God unless I have food, clothing, and shelter, and it has often been pointed out that most often Christ healed physical infirmities first and then preached the good message of salvation. So the common good of the state is not unrelated to the transcendent common good of man. In a well-ordered state which respects the freedom and dignity of man, the citizen rightly pursuing his supra-temporal end should be an exemplary citizen. I do not mean to say that the religious person is always a good citizen, but normally the good man in the good state is a good citizen. A religious people will respect the laws and support a just government. But if this is so, it will be done, as St. Augustine long ago pointed out, because the obedience to a temporal order serves a supra-temporal end.

In the modern period, the state touches the people and institutions at so many points that it becomes even more difficult to determine where the line of division between the temporal and spiritual power should be drawn. At no time is politics unrelated to morals. The city authority that does nothing to eliminate crime-breeding slums or takes lightly the existence of brothels, or the government that fosters an unjust economic system or conceives of atomic developments mainly for the purpose of destruction or promotes prosperity for a few while a large portion of the people starve places itself squarely athwart the fundamental teaching of Judaeo-Christian thought.

Many governmental problems are complex indeed and the aim of the specialist may run counter to the aims of the moralist. Yet there are people who deny to churchmen even freedom of religious protest, so rigorously do they apply the separation doctrine. This is the new intolerance of our day.

For a Catholic what does this principle of co-operation between church and state mean? Obviously, it may take various forms, but the principle remains; historical situations do not make or unmake the principle. While the Catholic may not accept the historicism that teaches that time and condition create morals, he knows that the peace and good order of the political community is a pearl of great price and he would be loath indeed to impose what he believes to be a perfect order upon a reluctant community. It has frequently been pointed out that the great error of the leaders of the French Revolution was the effort to impose utopian schemes of government upon a people neither desiring nor prepared for them. Leaders so motivated will take to coercive measures readily to compel the people to conform.

Now the Catholic, realizing the great values of his faith, would like to see everyone within this One Fold with One Shepherd. He does not fear that this unity would create uniformity. He feels that Christ Himself set down certain essential beliefs, and that these are beneficial for all men both here and hereafter. And he believes that his Church has all the essential means for directing men in the way of everlasting truth. But he has neither the desire nor the right to impose those beliefs on anyone. He is taught that even an erroneous conscience must be respected; indeed, St. Thomas taught this in an age when most of his contemporaries were reluctant to put the principle into practice.

And if the conscience of man is inviolate, there remains in addition the law of charity, which knows no bounds—it must be extended to all men.

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A Festival of Films

by MARYVONNE BUTCHER

A CURIOUSLY schizophrenic feeling pervaded the Thirteenth Festival of Film at Cannes this year. A proportion of the films chosen for competition seemed to have been selected with an eye to pleasing the extreme *avantgarde,* both ethically and aesthetically, and some of the others looked almost as if they had been chosen expressly as antidotes. Between these extremes of shock and sedative, unfortunately, some uncommonly good films that set out to be neither were rather overlooked, receiving less in the way of publicity or prize than was their due.

This state of affairs came about partly, I think, because of the mounting pressure of public opinion in France against some of the films that have recently come out there, which are immoral—one might almost call them anti-moral—in a way that has seriously disturbed not only the Church, but the government and even the film distributors. (As things stand today between the children of light and the children of this world it is possible that the exhibitors will have the strongest influence in changing things.) At the end of March the French hierarchy issued a long and carefully weighed statement on the tendencies of certain directors now to make films which go far beyond anything so far seen in the serious cinema.

These directors, according to the statement, even seem to be aiming to free men from the control of any morality at all, and the hierarchy calls upon the faithful to make a stand for the dignity of human values and, what is more, to make clear this stand by dissociating themselves entirely from certain pictures. At much the same time an official governmental statement was issued on the control of films in France, which went so far as to announce that the essential visa and consequent financial support would be withdrawn from any project whose scenario did not conform to a certain basic decency—a threat which may well prove a very effective sanction.

Finally, the association of exhibitors announced that they also viewed this particular type of film with dismay, and for a very cogent reason. It was abundantly clear that in an overall assessment far more people came to see, and therefore far more money was earned by, films more suitable for the general or family audience in the smaller suburban or provincial houses than was raked in by *success de scandale* in the occasional big cinema here and there. They consequently hoped that directors would pay some attention to the preferences of their audiences by whom, after all, the cinema is in the last analysis maintained.

All this, as I say, cast a kind of oblique light on the films at Cannes, and on the awards of the jury, which was presided over, this year, by Georges Simeon and contained the rather surprising figure of Henry Miller, hitherto not widely known as a professional cinephil. There were, as usual, pictures from an enormous number of film-producing countries, though this year only France and Italy sent in three pictures—two in addition to the official entry—since Russia withdrew her third entry at very short notice. Unusually, there was only the one official entry from both the United States and Great Britain, though the co-production mixtures turned out to be more confusing than ever this year, with Nicholas Ray directing an Italian movie shot mostly in England, Peter Brook, an Englishman, directing one of the French pictures and Jules Dassin directing and playing in a Greek comedy. Many of the great names amongst the directors were represented; Bunuel (whose film I arrived too late to see), Becker, Bergmann, Fellini, Minelli and the odd, exciting Gavaldon from Mexico. But there was no doubt that the highlight of the Festival was the presentation of Fellini's "La Dolce Vita," out of Italy for the first time, and festooned about equally with praise and commination in the travelers' tales that preceded it. As the official journal of the festival wrote on the morning before it was shown, "Nothing much has happened so far, and we rather dangerously wait for Fellini."

IT WAS a real occasion, a vastly anticipatory moment when the lights went down and the usual disembodied voice announced: *"L'Italie présente . . .* 'La Dolce Vita' " and one saw for the first time that fabulous first sequence of the helicopter flying over Rome with the statue of Christ the Worker slung beneath, casting its vast, wide-armed shadow over vacant lots and tenement walls. To a non-Italian Catholic, I must say, the Fellini picture seems a deeply moral one, the modern equivalent of a medieval morality, with vice presented in its least seductive guise and the sad,

Miss Butcher is an English film critic who contributes regularly to *Blackfriars,* the London *Tablet* and other British publications.

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disenchanted eyes of the journalist finding no aspect of honesty or lasting virtue anywhere. Only the Botticelli child who plays the little waitress in a seaside trattoria still retains her innocence, and does so to the end, almost to Marcello's despair, since for him such integrity lies far behind. Far too long, too exuberant in spite of the wonderful things with which it is stuffed, it was a surprise to some of us when it received the Palme d'Or, but if size and fecundity are signs of genius perhaps it deserves it after all.

At the extremely personal Mass of the Cinema, offered this year in the open air with the swallows screaming around the altar high up above the town outside the old fortified church, in the quarter known as the Suquet, we were asked to pray for three directors obsessed by religion—Fellini, Rossellini and Bergmann. Rossellini's equally long but much warmer-hearted "Era Notte i Roma" was shown in the town, not offered for competition at the festival, but Bergmann's most beautiful and lacerating "Virgin's Spring" came in the second week to bludgeon one's sensibilities by two scenes, one of rape and one of a triple murder, which make it almost the most painful picture I have ever seen, and which will provide the censorship of the world with some troublesome problems. For the thing about this fourteenth-century ballad story is that the violence is integral to the theme of human weakness and divine forgiveness and, as Max von Sydow said at the press conference held afterwards: "Mr. Bergmann thinks that rape should be shown to be horrible." The violence is not gratuitous; it is deliberately used for a *moral* purpose; but it is nearly intolerable.

Religion was the theme or played an important part in many of the pictures shown, and on this account alone one must agree that Cannes this year provided a peculiarly interesting selection for the Catholic critic. It was not always well handled, or even understandingly handled, but there was no denying its importance in picture after picture, from the brilliance of the Fellini to the banality of Argentina's "Procession." Another theme that inevitably cropped up over and over again was youth—delinquent, mixed-up or more simply growing-up. Spain and Brazil opted for delinquents, Bulgaria took young love between upper and lower class; Russia (most successfully of all) took a very young soldier and showed how his goodness of heart led him to sacrifice his own ends in order to help others; you know for yourselves what Minelli did with his youngsters in "Home from the Hill."

SOME critics, especially the Italians, were so bemused by the outrageous pictures shown this year that they overlooked altogether the positive contribution of several films of remarkably constructive aim: admittedly one of these was Russian, one Indian, but the third was given the prize of the International Catholic jury as the film most likely to uphold human values and further spiritual progress This was a Danish film called "Paw: Boy of Two Worlds," which has, I understand, already been seen in parts of the United States. It deals, you may recall, with the delicate subject of race relations and still contrives to be a film which all the family, young and old, could enjoy together. The Russian "Ballad for a Soldier" was the picture to which, personally, I would have given the Palme d'Or had I been on the Grand Jury. It was beautifully made by the director of "The Forty-First," faultlessly acted and of great visual beauty; what is more, it told a story that could only do good to anyone who saw it. It did much, in my opinion, to disinfect the disgust left by films such as the Belgian "Si le Vent te fait Peur" or the Japanese "Kagi," which incomprehensively received a prize for the "audacity of its subject." As one English critic wrote rather crossly, the greatest audacity involved was that of the Japanese in entering it at all.

As I said earlier, the dichotomy between shock tactics and conscious virtue rather tended to obscure some films that avoided either. At it happened, the three I enjoyed most in the whole fortnight came into this category. They were the British "Sons and Lovers," a transcription as faithful as it is successful from the D. H. Lawrence novel, starring Wendy Hiller and Trevor Howard and with Dean Stockwell as Paul; the enchanting Mexican "Macario," which, like so many of the best stories, began in effect "Once upon a time there was a poor woodcutter with five children." An eighteenth-century fable, it was pure magic from start to finish, and set its moral standards high as well. And finally there was the restrained and beautiful "Moderato Cantabile" made by English Peter Brook in France with French actors and script. It was slighted by many of the critics, who seemed exasperated that the two lovers, recognizing the danger of the sudden passion between a rich woman and one of her husband's employees, simply take leave of each other in despair. Like Donne's lovers, pictures in their eyes to get was all their propagation, but the pictures in the whole film are of such extreme beauty that they haunt the memory. The script by Marguerite Duras may be over-literary, but it is extraordinarily interesting, and the first sweeping censure may be modified.

It is hard work attending a festival in the capacity of a jurist, and the Catholic jury takes its duties very conscientiously, but the task is made both more interesting and more easy if, as this year at Cannes, there is a considerable number of films that, however unequal, one could see with real enjoyment. 1960 may not have had the mounting excitement of 1959, when the new wave broke in force upon the critics, but it was nonetheless a demanding and exciting year.

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An Exchange of Views

I—"The Scars of History"

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: The soul-searching editorial, "The Scars of History" [May 13], is as fine an expression of Christian sentiment on the way the Jew was treated throughout history as I have read in a long time. While I am glad that my article "In the Cardinal's Parlor," published in *The Reconstructionist,* inspired this comment of The Commonweal, I cannot accept some of your editorial's interpretations—of what is actually stated in the article and of what this story of an episode in my boyhood meant to convey in terms of contemporary Jewish-Christian relations.

There is one minor misstatement of fact and one major misinterpretation. To start with the minor item, you write: ". . . he is offended when a Monsignor kisses the Cardinal's ring." What gave your writer this idea? All I say is: "Monsignor McMahon knelt gracefully, kissing the Cardinal's ring." There is not the slightest indication of my having been offended, as indeed I was not. It was the proper thing for the Monsignor to do, as it was proper for me—the Jew—to shake hands with His Eminence.

The major misinterpretation—which runs throughout your editorial—is of a much more serious nature. It not only ascribes to me the wrong intent, but it seems to implicate Cardinal Spellman, as well as the Catholic Church, in an episode which took place in 1911, in Russia under the Czars. Indirectly, it also throws an unfavorable light on that luncheon discussion in Cardinal Spellman's dining room "of the difficulties which have arisen in Israel-Catholic relations."

If your editorial writer read all this into my article, other readers might have gained a similar impression. I, therefore, very much welcome this opportunity for setting the record straight. For nothing could have been farther from my thoughts than implicating Cardinal Spellman or the Catholic hierarchy in that sad experience of my boyhood. All the "Cardinal's parlor" was meant to be was the setting for the flashback to that early episode in my life. No reflection on the Cardinal, on Catholicism, or on what happened during our luncheon discussion was intended. Indeed, it would have been a poor repayment on my part for the Cardinal's hospitality and for his understanding and helpfulness throughout our negotiations, if I let this impression stand.

Under the circumstances, I feel obliged to move from "The Cardinal's Parlor" into "The Cardinal's Dining Room." Around the oval table were seated, in addition to His Eminence and myself, Bishop Arnold, Monsignor (now Bishop) Griffiths, the late Monsignor McMahon and the Cardinal's secretary, who was also a Monsignor. The main subject of our discussion was the accusations voiced at the time of desecrations of Catholic institutions in Palestine by the Israeli Army during the Arab-Israeli War, but we also talked about the Arab refugee problem and the question of the Holy Places and internationalization of Jerusalem.

A few days prior to that, in a conversation with Monsignor McMahon, I suggested that Cardinal Spellman send a personal emissary to Israel to investigate on the spot how much truth was there in the newspaper reports about desecrations, and who was responsible for them. In fact, it was this suggestion of mine—which the Cardinal accepted, entrusting Monsignor McMahon with this mission—that was the main reason for this conference at the Cardinal's residence. It was there that the groundwork was laid for the subsequent tour of Catholic institutions in Israel, undertaken by Monsignor McMahon on behalf of Cardinal Spellman and His Holiness the Pope—and on which tour I accompanied the Monsignor. If upon his return to the United States, in March 1949, Monsignor McMahon found possible to state in a memorandum submitted to the United Nations that: ". . . The undersigned is happy to report that he personally, after an extended journey in the area, can testify to the genuine desire of the government of Israel to repair the damage done and to maintain proper relations with the religious institutes within its boundaries"—this happy conclusion of the previous strain in Israel-Catholic relations was in large measure due to the spirit of understanding which reigned at that luncheon discussion and to the forthright position taken by the Cardinal throughout the negotiations.

Likewise, in the question of the Arab refugees, the Cardinal's main concern was that—for moral reasons—there should be official Jewish participation in relief for the refugees, which at that time was still in the hands of voluntary agencies. The undersigned was in complete accord with the Cardinal's viewpoint. We agreed there and then on the form Jewish participation in Arab refugee relief should take. Next day, I was happy to report to His Eminence—after telephone conversations with Dr. Abba Hillel Silver in Cleveland and Mr. Moshe Sharett in Paris—that both the Zionist

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movement in the United States and the Foreign Ministry of Israel were in favor of our plan of action. Subsequently, nothing came of it, because the relief for the Arab refugees was taken over by the United Nations.

This report about the two major subjects of our luncheon discussion throws true and adequate light on what actually transpired after we moved from the parlor to the dining room. It leaves no room for doubt that in my mind—or in my writings—there could be any association between Cardinal Spellman or the Catholic hierarchy and that Russian priest back in Balta, nearly half a century ago.

ELIAHU BEN-HORIN.

REPLY

WE ARE happy to print Mr. Eliahu Ben-Horin's clarification, and we feel sure that many readers will be interested in his account of the constructive actions taken as a result of his luncheon with Cardinal Spellman—none of which were described in his original article in *The Reconstructionist*. Nonetheless, certain points seem to us worth stating in connection with his letter.

Although Mr. Ben-Horin's article was called "In the Cardinal's Parlor," only four short paragraphs actually dealt with his lunch with Cardinal Spellman. ("When, a few days earlier, the Monsignor phoned me to convey the Cardinal's invitation to lunch, he added in a voice full of awe: 'I hope you realize that His Eminence bestows a rare honor on you.' I assured him that I did. . . .") The remainder of the article, which ran three pages, was a flashback to the author's youthful encounter with anti-Semitism in Czarist Russia. "The Prince of the Church, who was about to entertain me at lunch, and the sight of the kneeling Monsignor took me thirty-seven years back, to my first contact with the Christian world around me. . . ."

In Mr. Ben-Horin's flashback, the leading villain-symbols were the local schoolmaster who had "the clean-shaven face of a preacher or a Jesuit priest" and a Bishop of the Russian Orthodox Church. The nine-year old Jewish boy refused to follow the schoolmaster's orders to kneel before the Cross the Bishop was holding up, and if the article he wrote many decades later had any point, this was surely it: "In later years, there were many occasions when I had to face the angry hand of authority ordering me to do this or do that. Whenever the orders conflicted with my conscience or self-respect, I have remained standing on my feet . . . having defied what looked to me then like the highest authority on earth, it was not likely that anybody would cow me in the future."

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Ben-Horin did not intend his readers to link the kneeling of the Monsignor to kiss Cardinal Spellman's ring, which he described in paragraph three, with the following three pages, in which he described his own refusal to kneel before a Bishop. We very much doubt, however, that we were alone in drawing the conclusion that we did about his intention; indeed, we would guess that the majority of the readers of his article would consider it to be the only logical judgment to make of Mr. Ben-Horin's article, whatever his intentions as he now describes them.

In Mr. Ben-Horin's letter, he writes: "The major misinterpretation—which runs throughout your editorial—is of a much more serious nature. It not only ascribes to me the wrong intent, but it seems to implicate Cardinal Spellman, as well as the Catholic Church, in an episode which took place in 1911, in Russia under the Czars."

But this, of course, was precisely our complaint about Mr. Ben-Horin's article: that such an implication was quite inescapable. In our editorial on the subject we wrote: "No one, we think, could read this account of an unforgettable incident in the life of a Jewish boy in Czarist Russia without being moved. But at the same time the piece seems essentially unfair. If there are Catholic-Israeli differences, it is surely better that they be discussed. And if they are discussed, should the discussion, with an American Catholic Cardinal, be linked in print with an account of anti-Semitism in Russia forty or fifty years ago, no matter how painful the author's memories? Is Cardinal Spellman, in this case, or any other member of the Catholic hierarchy in the United States, to be held responsible for the cruelties and injustices of historic anti-Semitism, for the actions of an Orthodox Russian Bishop many years ago, or for the fact that to the author the principal of his local school looked 'like a Jesuit priest'? To our mind, these questions can only be answered in the negative."

It seems clear from Mr. Ben-Horin's letter that he too would now answer these questions in the negative. We are, certainly, pleased that he wants to correct any "misinterpretation" of his article. At the same time, we must insist that it was not we who "seemed to implicate Cardinal Spellman" in the anti-Semitism of Czarist Russia, as he put it in his letter, but his own article in the pages of *The Reconstructionist*. —THE EDITORS.

(For more on Catholic-Jewish relations, see page 352.)

II—"The Catholic Intellectual"

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITOR: Mr. Callahan's little essay on the plight of the American Catholic intellectual [April 8] raises a good point, but perhaps he has over-

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stated his case so that he might encourage those he considers to be hiding in a ghetto to be glad they are there rather than to venture out.

He seems to assume that the supreme desire of the Catholic intellectual must be acceptance by the non-Catholic intellectual world. He expresses the real tension that always exists between Christianity and the world when he says, "Both the Catholic and the non-Catholic world want his full allegiance—not one foot in one camp and one in the other." But Mr. Callahan's whole tone seems to deplore this situation as if it were due to some fault on the part of the American Catholic world or of the Catholic intellectual. Does he perhaps momentarily forget that we were warned about the world's hatred? And he goes on to note that allegiance to this Catholic or non-Catholic world would constitute a "party spirit" inimical to the intellectual life. One sees his point, but a point can be hit so hard that it is smashed rather than driven home. Mr. Callahan seems to do just that in holding that it is too much to expect of the Catholic intellectual that he use his mind "exclusively to further the interests of his . . . church." There is a narrow sense in which that is true, but it can easily be taken in the broader sense of exempting the intellectual from the general principle, "Whether you eat or drink, . . ." Where did some Catholic intellectuals ever get the idea that the "intellectual life" is an exception to the subordination of all things (each according to its kind, of course) to the one thing necessary?

Christ wanted to be accepted. He was not, because he wanted acceptance only on His own terms. Mr. Callahan knows all this, I am sure, but I think more people would be convinced of his essential good point if a little more care were taken by him and by others who argue for a broader encounter with the world to make their acceptance of the transcendence of Christianity more explicit. It makes them and their valid argument vulnerable if they say even true things in such a way that they can be interpreted, even if somewhat unfairly, as relegating Christianity to a subordinate position in the scale of values.

(Rev.) AUGUSTINE ROCK, O.P.

REPLY

Cambridge, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: There are two ways of responding to Father Rock's letter. First of all, I will attempt to point out how it serves to confirm a central thesis of my article. Secondly, I will answer the criticism that Father Rock levels at it.

(1) If anyone wonders whether I characterized accurately some of the causes of the alienation of many Catholic intellectuals, I would ask him to observe Father Rock's letter. It offers a perfect example of what I was talking about. That is, I stated that one of the great difficulties of the Catholic who has left the ghetto is that he is likely to be unacceptable to as many Catholics as non-Catholics; the Catholic as well as the non-Catholic may be suspicious of him. In my article I said, "Both Catholics and non-Catholics are likely to see him as something of an anomaly; the Catholic may consider him a fellow-traveler of secularism . . ." Now I'm sure Father Rock did not mean to imply anything quite that strong. But he comes quite close when he says, ". . . more people would be convinced of his essential good point if a little more care were taken by him and others . . . to make their acceptance of the transcendence of Christianity more explicit." What I take this to mean is that Father Rock is not condemning me (and my kind) but is just a little bit suspicious. And his question, "Where did some Catholic intellectuals get the idea . . ." (I wasn't aware that any had!) suggests more than suspicion. Yet I see no use in deploring Father Rock's suspicions; it will suffice to point them out in the light of my article.

(2) I do not deplore the tension between Christianity and the world nor have I forgotten even for a moment Christ's warning. I would, however, deplore any general assumption that the tension between the American Catholic intellectual and the non-Catholic intellectual is a pure instance of Christ's warning. Part of it certainly is but part is also traceable to the cultural origins and sociological situation of Catholics in America. Thus, the kind of acceptance Catholic intellectuals want is a legitimate though not supreme ideal: acceptance as intellectually honest men, possessed of integrity and conscience. If we are to be hated, it is not too much to hope to be hated for the right reasons. In particular we don't want to be looked upon as nothing but agents for a totalitarian ideology bent on world control. In that sense, the "party spirit" I object to is that which equates the "interests" of the Church with its temporal power and seeks to further the Church by methods appropriate to the wise "children of this world." The Church is much more than just another pressure group seeking influence. The task of the Catholic intellectual ought never to be confused with that of the lobbyist.

I am afraid, to answer Father Rock's final worry, that I saw no need to make my ". . . . acceptance of the transcendence of Christianity more explicit." I assumed the climate of Catholic discussion in this country is not that of full-blown mutual suspicion and that, when one writes as a Catholic, it is not always necessary or relevant to state ultimate principles. On occasion, my assumption may indeed lead to my being interpreted wrongly or unfairly. The only alternative is always to assume the worst and write accordingly. I hope we haven't come to *that*.

DANIEL J. CALLAHAN.

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A RELIGIOUS PEOPLE

IN A NOTABLE decision, Justice William O. Douglas once wrote: "We are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being." It is a quotation frequently and fondly repeated in the Catholic press. But what does it mean?

There is one sense in which the statement is unexceptional. The basic institutions of American society were founded on the belief that there is an Authority above the authority of the State and a moral law which it is beyond the power of the State to alter; that every individual possesses certain natural rights, conferred on him by his Creator, which Government must respect. In other words, American democracy, as a theory of government, exists within the Christian political tradition of the West.

Catholics like this part of the American picture—but is it the whole story?

Historically, the picture seems much less clear than one might gather from many American Catholic pronouncements. For after one has acknowledged freely that the Founding Fathers owed a debt to the medieval Catholic philosophers, there remains the obligation to acknowledge that other forces in the shaping of America were of equal importance. Some of these forces were unfriendly to all religion, while others were hostile to certain forms of religion, Catholicism in particular.

One such influence, the spirit of the Enlightenment, represented a sharp break with the Catholic political tradition of the West. This spirit was rationalistic, naturalistic and, to say the least, skeptical of theology and antagonistic toward the Church.

Though it has been considerably tempered by time and disappointment, the spirit of the Enlightenment, present from the beginning, still operates in American life. Those who are possessed of it remain suspicious of any overt attempts on the part of Catholics or of any other believers to claim America for religion. They would certainly not deny that the churches have a place in American life but would say religion must operate as just another species of private opinion.

For the children of the Enlightenment, religious freedom—which for the medievals meant freedom for the Church, a corporate freedom—means freedom for the individual to think his own thoughts, nurture his own opinions, and form associations of his own choosing. As they see it, religion must make its claims on this basis and no other.

Another influence, which is probably more effective outside the cultural elite, has been that of the Protestant dissidents and non-conformists who came to American shores seeking religious freedom. These religious folk put tremendous emphasis on political freedom. For them, America was a kind of New Zion, a Kingdom of God on Earth, a holy place, in so far as it represented a break with the Church-State combinations in European life. If they had thought at all about American*ism,* and they did not, they would have regarded it as a political manifestation of their conviction that God is to be served directly, without the mediation of priests or the collaboration of Church and State, and that the Christian leaven is to be worked into the social and political loaf not by "churches" or authoritative spokesmen for the Will of God but by individual Christians imbued with a private sense of vocation.

This tradition also survives. For those who live within it, the nation remains "religious" to the degree that it insures liberty of conscience for the individual, keeps Church and State rigorously separated, and withstands the "encroachments" of authoritarian churches, the Catholic Church in particular.

Almost everyone would agree that the American people are a "religious people" in the sense that neither by conviction, tradition nor law are we aggressively anti-religious. But as to what being a "religious people" consists in, disagreement is almost as wide as the varieties of opinion about religion which thrive in our society.

Catholics and others sometimes argue that since Americans are by profession a "religious people," the State should lend greater recognition to that fact by assisting religious efforts. But the problem is complicated by the fact that the argument cuts both ways. For every American who thinks that our being a "religious people" means there should be some form of friendly collaboration between Church and State, there are probably two who, *for religious reasons,* believe in the rigorous separation of Church and State. Their ideas of what genuinely "religious people" would welcome derives from their theological tradition—the free-church tradition. In theory if not in practice, they regard almost any collaboration between Church and State as impious.

I am afraid, then, that the "religious people" formula does not help much in solving our interfaith disagreements.

JOHN COGLEY.

Summer Schedule

The Commonweal is now on its summer schedule. The next issue will be that of July 22, and subsequent issues will be dated August 5, August 19 and September 2. From that point on, The Commonweal will resume its normal weekly schedule.

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THE SCREEN

RING THEM BELLS

LAST MONTH "The Rat Race" pushed the concept that the city is a jungle in which every man is out for himself. Last fall, "Ask Any Girl" and "The Best of Everything" stated this unpleasant image with emphasis on the precarious position of the working girl in this survival-of-the-fittest scheme. And now several new films continue the theme with variations. Fortunately "Bells Are Ringing" is so amiable and Judy Holliday is so charming and lovable as the girl who works for a New York telephone answering service that much of the curse is taken off the jungle-city idea. Spreading cheer and advice, big-hearted Judy just can't resist getting involved with her clients—a practice very much frowned on by Sue, the chief operator (Jean Stapleton) and later by a police inspector (Dort Clark) who suspects Susanswerphone does more than take and pass on telephone messages.

As directed by Vincente Minnelli, much of this movie, written by Betty Comden and Adolph Green from their original stage musical comedy, is fun. But unfortunately some of the intimacy of the original is lost in Arthur Freed's elaborate production in Metrocolor and CinemaScope. Dean Martin takes himself pretty seriously as the playwright who can't settle down to work and is only moved into action by Judy (who has fallen in love with this client she knows only as Plaza 0-4433). Outstanding in the supporting cast are Eddie Foy, Jr., as a bookmaker who imposes on Susanswerphone; Bernie West as a singing dentist and Frank Gorshin as a young actor, both of whom benefit by Judy's interference.

Jule Styne's pleasant music, accompanied by the witty Comden-Green lyrics, brightens the proceedings whenever the plot slows up. Dean comes through well with "Just in Time" and Judy makes "The Party's Over" quite touching. But Miss Holliday is at her scintillating best with a patter song like "Drop That Name," or the really rowdy number she puts over when she decides the answering service is too heartbreaking and she's going back to her old job at the Bonjour Tristesse Brassiere Company. Second best to Judy in the cheerful "Bells Are Ringing" is the setting for Susanswerphone itself: an old brownstone house standing in the rubble of all the demolished houses around it in the east sixties. Sentimental Judy and her helpful switchboard survive the rat race in the jungle.

SURVIVING, but sinking pretty low before he comes to some right conclusions is the modern Horatio-Alger-like hero of "The Apartment." He's a lowly clerk in a large New York insurance company, and his sink-or-swim plan for getting ahead and becoming an executive is to lend his apartment in the west sixties to various office heads who wish to use it as a love nest. His hope is that they will in return recommend him for a promotion. Although he's often left out in the rain while big shots and their girls are upstairs, his unwholesome plan seems to be getting the desired results—until one day the whole thing backfires. The personnel manager demands the apartment; and our dubious hero is shocked to discover that this married man's girl friend is the cute little elevator operator whom the ambitious clerk finds so attractive. This gives the young man pause, but it doesn't stop him in his determined climb.

In spite of Jack Lemmon's excellent performance in this lead role, "The Apartment" is an extremely discomforting picture. Producer-director Billy Wilder (who also wrote the script with I.A.L. Diamond) vacillates uncertainly between comedy and near-tragedy. The viewer may laugh at Lemmon's naiveté and at some of the shenanigans going on in his apartment; but there's nothing very funny about the suicide attempts of the pixy-like elevator operator (Shirley MacLaine) when she discovers that her married lover (Fred MacMurray) will probably never divorce his wife. After this episode there is a rapid shift to comedy when a good neighbor (Jack Kruschen) blames Lemmon for Shirley's overdose of sleeping pills.

While much of "The Apartment" is clever satire, much of it is also disturbingly sad; and the total effect is as if Wilder were to burlesque "Room at the Top." Even though "The Apartment" has a so-called happy ending when the worm turns, the putative hero and adulterous heroine hardly endear themselves. The film does convey that Jack and Shirley, in spite of all the temptations around them, are winners in the rat race; or, as the script says, "That's the way it crumbles, cookiewise."

WITHOUT ANY doubt the most cynical view of the human rats running their aimless race in the city jungle is presented in "The Savage Eye." This semi-documentary film, made by Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick, aims to tell the story of a lonely, unhappy woman (movingly played by Barbara Baxley) who, divorced after nine years of marriage, tries to find some semblance of meaning to life. All she finds is other bitter searchers going through empty days. The savage eye of the documentary camera accompanies her on her rounds of beauty parlor, bingo games, wrestling matches, and night clubs complete with strippers and drunks. Viewing all this, as well as later scenes of a faith healer and of brawling transvestites, the camera focuses on the thrill-seeking and help-seeking audiences and on their stimulators.

Not till the ambiguous final scenes does the divorcee

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come to understand the meaning and importance of love. Unfortunately "The Savage Eye" goes far out of its way with sensational scenes and unnecessarily frank narration (during which the woman talks to an off-stage conscience read by Gary Merrill). Stepping beyond the bounds of decency, "The Savage Eye" is as contrived in its one-sided raw and coldly analytical scenes as is the card-stacked movie that wallows in sentiment. Along with the holders of the rat-race theory, what "The Savage Eye" needs is a little warmth and compassion in its pretentious script and scientific photography. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

MARIA ANGELICA

(Excerpt from a missionary's letter)

"Maria Angelica is twelve. For a long time her mother knew the little girl had leprosy but she tried to keep it hidden, in horror of the day her daughter would be sent to the public leprosy camp.

"Last September neighbors insisted Maria be sent away. But because the leprosy camp is dreaded by all, Father X arranged to have the child enter the poor little leprosy colony we conduct here for Bishop Y.

"Maria screamed with terror when she first met the other victims of leprosy here. Actually they've been kindness itself to her. They remember what it was like for themselves in the beginning, before they found out that leprosy is curable . . ."

CMMB helps missionaries care for thousands of children like Maria Angelica, suffering from leprosy and many other diseases.

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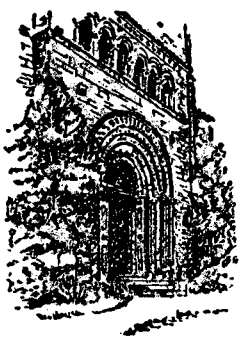

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OF NOTE

CATHOLIC-JEWISH RELATIONS

IN A RECENT issue of *The ADL Bulletin,* published by the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith (515 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N. Y. $1.50 for two years), A.D.L. national director Benjamin R. Epstein writes under the title, "The New Era of Pope John XXIII." Substantial excerpts follow:

The meeting of the five-man B'nai B'rith delegation with Pope John XXIII was official, the exchange of sentiments warm and sometimes informal.

We were seated in the Pope's private library in the Vatican on the morning of January 18 of this year. Label A. Katz, president of B'nai B'rith, was our spokesman and, as he talked, the Pope interrupted, with a motion of his hand, "Slowly, please, slowly." Interpreters were on hand but, apparently the Pope wanted to see how much English he could understand. Mr. Katz talked about B'nai B'rith and its purposes. Pope John asked the meaning of B'nai B'rith, saying that he knew that the words were Hebrew but that his Hebrew was rusty. When it was explained that B'nai B'rith means "Sons of the Covenant"—the covenant between God and Abraham—Pope John nodded in understanding.

Label Katz told of his appreciation for the Pope's help in the rescue of thousands of Jews, particularly children, when he was Papal Nuncio in Istanbul during the time of the Nazi terror. He also thanked the Pope for his understanding in revising the language of several church prayers considered offensive to Jews. He discussed the wave of synagogue and church desecrations—then at its height—and said that he hoped that, in the long run, these acts of vandalism would help bring men of good will together in defense of "justice, morality, and universal peace."

The Pope, in response, said that he was glad to have the opportunity to discuss matters of mutual interest. What he had done during the war, he said, had been at the direction of the late Pius XII who felt deeply about the fate of those persecuted by the Nazis. Besides, his acts represented the only human thing to do. He said that he has great pleasure when some of the Jews he had aided as children now come to visit him as grown men and women with children of their own.

In talking about the changes in prayers, the Pope reminded us that Catholics daily recite many psalms and passages from the Old Testament. "And you of the Old Testament and we of the New must come closer and closer, as brothers under God, to work for peace throughout the world," he added.

He spoke of recent evidences of anti-Semitism, in

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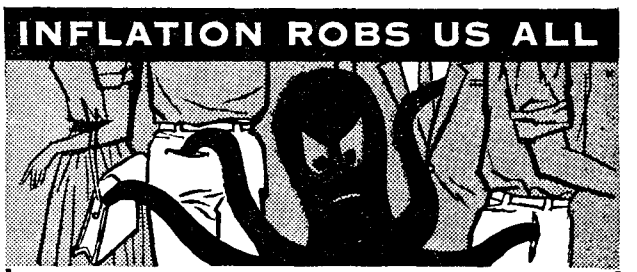

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Germany and other parts of the world. "These events are deeply painful, not only because they are violations of the human and natural rights of man, but because they tend to divide the children of God."

After the exchange of statements, we spoke informally. The Pope expressed deep interest in America and asked the names of the cities from which we came. He was pleased to learn that one of our group, Max J. Schneider, was a member of the Board of Trustees of a Catholic hospital; he said that he was familiar with the many philanthropic activities of B'nai B'rith as well as those of individual Jews.

The private audience lasted twenty minutes. We left the library deeply moved. Now, four months later, the visit and the Pope's expression of humanity and warmth are vividly remembered. The memory will be a lasting one.

This B'nai B'rith meeting with Pope John XXIII received a great amount of newspaper attention. It was greeted by many Jews throughout the world as an event of singular significance. But not by all Jews—some said that the event was little more than a ceremonial occasion in which everyone said the correct things.

Behind these different reactions to our meeting with John XXIII—behind any understanding of Jewish attitudes toward the Roman Catholic Church—lies an involved and often tragic history. Many Jews recall hundreds of years of persecution and oppression perpetrated by fanatics under the banner of the Church, as in the case of the Spanish Inquisition. Some Jews recall their own mistreatment in not-too-distant days in Eastern European lands which were largely Catholic. And may Jews believe that conventional Catholic teaching of the Crucifixion story still represents one of the principal sources of anti-Semitism. Against this background, it is understandable that many Jews are surprised to learn that studies of social scientists reveal that anti-Semitism is no greater among Catholics than it is among Protestants. . . .

These are the historical reasons that inhibit understanding between Catholics and Jews. There are the practical problems too that make for community controversy and tension. Jews often find themselves dissenting from Catholics on many issues related to the separation of church and state. Many Jews are wary of Catholics for their efforts to gain government aid for parochial schools, for their position on released time, for efforts to deny distribution of birth control information by tax-supported clinics, for their opposition to liberalization of divorce laws, and the like. On the other hand, Catholics find it difficult to understand why Jews see anything wrong with their use of moral power in support of things they believe and why Jews don't recognize the principle of "distributive justice"—the fairness, for example, of obtaining government help for Catholic institutions since, after all, Catholics pay the same amount of taxes as other Americans although they often do not make use of tax-supported public schools.

On another level, A.D.L. frequently hears the complaint that it is difficult to find a priest willing to participate in a religiously sponsored brotherhood meeting or service. This reluctance, it should be noted, is shared by some Orthodox Jews.

Some Jews also have the notion—held by many Protestants too—that the Catholic Church is a monolith, a centrally directed army with the Pope its commander-in-chief. They believe that his word is law, that any order he issues will be immediately carried out by the entire priesthood and by millions of loyal Catholics in every corner of the globe. They are often unaware that practices vary from diocese to diocese according to the views of each bishop.

This is a stark listing of some of the things that many Jews worry about. Some of the concerns are real, some fancied. Some are based on historical truth, others on misconceptions. There is need for continuing dialogue between Catholic and Jew on these and many other points just as basic.

The concept of the Catholic Church as a monolith is true—but only if the term is confined to dogma and religious truth. There is nothing monolithic about

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the way Catholics approach other matters, such as politics, social welfare problems, the arts. Personal knowledge of a few Catholic organizations, or Catholics themselves, is enough to shatter forever the concept of the general monolith.

But certainly the personal attitudes and influence of the Pope do create a climate of opinion within and without the Catholic world. A look at some of the statements and works of Pius XII and, particularly, John XXIII, is heartening to Jews and all persons concerned with human rights.

Cardinal Pacelli's opposition to Nazism was well known and his election as Pope Pius XII was denounced in the German press. His efforts to help Jews throughout the war have now been chronicled. After the liberation of Rome, while there was apprehension over the fate of Jewish prisoners held in Northern Italy and Germany, he made one of his most fervent pleas for brotherhood: "For centuries the Jews have been most unjustly treated and despised. It is time they were treated with justice and humanity. God wills it and the Church wills it. St. Paul tells us that the Jews are our brothers. Instead of being treated as strangers, they should be welcomed as friends."

Pope John XXIII has furthered the humanitarian tradition. As Papal Nuncio to Istanbul during the Nazi period, he personally aided in the rescue of many Jews. The late Chief Rabbi Herzog of Israel wrote of him: "Cardinal Roncalli is a man who really loves the People of the Book and through him thousands of Jews were rescued." One of the directors of rescue work for the Jewish Agency during the Nazi period, Chaim Barlas, describes three private conferences with the Papal Nuncio which resulted in great aid. Barlas also lauded his personal devotion and courage in saving the lives of thousands of Jews.

Pope John's friendship and deep interest in Israel has been the subject of much discussion there. His appointment of the first Bishop to Israel has been acclaimed there as another evidence of friendship. . . .

His statement to the B'nai B'rith delegation was not the only one about the anti-Semitic desecrations in January. Repeatedly the Vatican spoke out against bigotry; the appeals for brotherhood were echoed throughout the Catholic world by clergymen and lay leaders. In the United States, the Catholic Bishops of America—speaking through Archbishop Karl J. Alter of Cincinnati, chairman of the administrative board of bishops of the National Catholic Welfare Conference—called on "all citizens, whether Christians or Jews, and all those who love truth and justice, to protest privately and publicly against further manifestation of bigotry. . . . We urge that all right-minded people refrain from any word or deed which might (retard) the advancement of our common welfare."

"Common welfare"—the common good—is the key, the practical goad to better understanding. Jews and Catholics will continue to have different attitudes and approaches to many problems. And they should have, if they are to hew to religious principle. . . . There will be more irritation and angry words over specific issues. There will be misunderstandings too. But the basic ones—miscomprehensions of purpose and goal—will be fewer. For all men have more in common than they have to separate them. This becomes increasingly clear, to Jews and to Catholics. We see in our literature, our meetings, our homes, that Catholics and Jews feel freer to discuss things about which they sharply disagree.

In this dialogue, on this road to greater maturity and less distrust, we are mutually helped by the words and deeds of John XXIII. In today's relations between Catholic and Jew, he is playing an inspired role.

BOOKS

A Major Exchange Between Major Artists

MARK TWAIN-HOWELLS LETTERS. Edited by Henry Nash Smith and William M. Gibson. Harvard University Press. 2 vols. $20.

By JAMES B. STRONKS

LAST YEAR, Mark Twain earned $67,000 in royalties, and in 1960, the fiftieth anniversary of his death, his popularity will top that. His confidant of forty years, William Dean Howells, is also enjoying a lively revival, if mainly an academic one. The vitality of the two authors now merges in a 1000-page edition of their 680 letters—the longest, closest, most intense, and most richly allusive exchange between any major American artists. As for the allusions, Professors Smith and Gibson, specialists in Twain and Howells, respectively, have blended their knowledge in great nourishing slabs of high-protein footnotes.

Amid much that is routine, the Twain and Howells letters are fat with such human interest as their private jokes and printer's slang, their mock awe at the pretended severity of their ladylike wives, their kidding of each other's public image, even a Howells dream (provoking, in Letter #594, the most brilliant page of humor Twain ever wrote). And finally, in their old age, when they were rich in achievement and reward, but tired, and hurt by the loss of their wives and the cruel deaths of their young daughters, the letters become painfully moving human documents.

More to the point—because their importance is literary—is their talk

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of their work, whether commercial or creative: their strategies for outwitting pirate publishers, their tireless tinkering on ill-fated joint plays, their respect for New York critics, their technical problems with recalcitrant stories, their professional pride in turning out lots of work. On Twain's part, especially, there is a continuous paean on the joy of writing, writing for its own sake. He could feel a vaulting enthusiasm and happiness and satisfaction even for the cheap stuff on which his genius so often wasted itself. And just here the letters show a vital nub in the relationship—the effect of Howells' superior taste and disciplined craftsmanship on Twain's best work, much of which Mark asked him to edit before publication.

"Slash away with entire freedom, and the more you slash, the better I shall like it & the more I shall be cordially obliged to you," Twain said in dumping one manuscript on Howells. "Give me your plain, square advice," he said in sending another, "for I propose to follow it." Howells' advice was to get rid of irrelevancies, clashes in tone, unfunny humor, gruesome grotesquerie (Mark fetched in corpses whenever possible), or coarse patches which he knew would injure Twain with the genteel, and lucrative, Victorian family market which the humorist was trying to please.

Thus the letters explode for once and all that false old cliché, started by Van Wyck Brooks in *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* (1920), that the Rabelaisian Twain's potential as a satirical genius was "thwarted" by Howells' prim and prudish blue pencil. The letters are clear: Howells' editing was sound and constructive, and Mark virtually demanded it, out of his (and his wife's) well-grounded self-doubt, and probably out of his intense desire to succeed where the big money lay. It took a lot of brass, of course, to impose upon the busier and lower-paid Howells (who invariably said he was glad to oblige). But at least Twain knew the value of his friend's service—or even stretched it a little: "I owe as much to your training," he wrote one day in 1878, "as the rude country job printer owes to the city boss who takes him in hand & teaches him the right way to handle his art."

Inevitably, the more vivid Twain dominates the letters. Though Howells wrote half of them, Mark's were longer and more interesting, and their inexhaustible fun must have been a kind of wonderful annuity for Howells over the years. Yet Twain profited solidly too. Obviously, one basis for their long, rewarding friendship was the fact that they were very different kinds of men, with complementary talents, each supplying what the other lacked temperamentally and needed artistically.

Their mutual respect (implicit in their saving of each other's letters for forty years) crops out frequently. By turns broad, hilarious, fierce, or corrosive, Twain grew quiet whenever he praised Howells' talent —as when he wrote, "You are really my only author; I am restricted to you; I wouldn't give a damn for the rest." Neat, graceful, deft, deliciously ironic, Howells was extravagant only in his admiration of Twain's achievement: "Your foundations are struck so deep," he wrote in 1899, "that you will catch the sunshine of immortal years, and bask in the same light as Cervantes and Shakespeare."

As for immortality, the erratic Twain's first-rate work was small, while Howells' steady excellence produced a dozen fine books. But today, seventy-five years after they wrote their best-known novels, *Huckleberry Finn* is a world classic —and who reads *The Rise of Silas Lapham?*

A Great Periegete

RIDING TO THE TIGRIS. By Freya Stark. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

By GERALD JAMES SULLIVAN

IN THE literature of travel this book is a classic. Freya Stark has a mastery, which she never parades, of all the arts her trade demands: she is historian, topographer, linguist, even cartographer. What pervades her books is a capacity for wonder untainted by irrelevant enthusiasm, understanding founded on careful observation of people and places, and, above all, honesty. She is, besides, a fine writer.

In *The Passionate Sightseer,* which is dedicated to Freya Stark, Bernard Berenson asks, "Why do we submit to this universal urge to change place?" Miss Stark has a wise answer: "We like our life intensified perhaps. Travel does what good novelists also do to the life of every day, placing it like a picture in a frame—so that the intrinsic qualities are made more clear. Travel does this with the stuff that everyday life is made of, giving to it the sharp contour and meaning of art; and unless it succeeds in doing this, its effect on the human being is not, I believe, very great." What she says of travel can also be said of books about travel; and *Riding to the Tigris* more than stands up to this test.

The frame is landscape, in this case the Hakkiari, wild and rugged mountains, scarcely inhabited, in the region south of Lake Van in western Turkey. The Kurds who live there are descendants of the Karduchi, the tribesmen who gave Xenophon and his Ten Thousand their most harrowing trials. Travelers earlier in this century reported that the tradition of fierce hostility to strangers still prevailed; and on parts of her trip through the area local authorities provided the author with an armed escort.

It was, we are told, the startling presence of an unaccompanied Englishwoman—and her camera—in these seldom visited wilds, rather than any threat of brigands that caused concern. In any case, this book is not about danger; it is about uncommon places and commonplace persons and events. The landscape towers over all, sometimes threatening and oppressive, always majestic and grand, giving significance and nobility to the life that goes on in its shadows. Magnificent photographs, as economically selective as the author's prose, complement the narrative and give testimony to the truth and power

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of her descriptions. There is here the vivid sense of place that passport and visa cannot guarantee, that tourist trinket cannot summon up.

Event and person, too, are treated with the same fidelity to the essential, and with sympathy. A Kurdish woman who nurses her through a lonely bout of dysentery is "tall, with smouldering eyes in rugged features, and the wreck of beauty, and movements made clumsy by being too big for ordinary life—a Michelangelo figure full of dignity and fate." An old man and his idiot son join her and a ridiculous schoolmaster clutching a violin as he rides astride his donkey: "this company of the old jester and the madman seemed to give our cavalcade a Shakespearian touch, except that their philosophies, if they had any, were dumb."

The slip of her horse's hoof over the edge of a nasty precipiece, the Roman ruins not seen for lack of adequate directions, the mix-up over her permit to take photographs, with her sure touch become events of consequence for the reader. When, toward the end of this too brief account, descent is made to the first view of the dust-shrouded Tigris, one feels, no less than in the case of Xenophon and the first glimpse of the Black Sea, that this has been a journey of great moment.

Freya Stark belongs in the tradition of the first great periegetes, Hekataios and Herodotos, who traveled simply because they were captivated by the *variety* of the world, which, she says, "must be pleasant to God since He made it so."

The Lively Prose of Robert Graves

FOOD FOR CENTAURS. By Robert Graves. Doubleday. $4.95.
THE INFANT WITH THE GLOBE: From the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcón. By Robert Graves. Yoseloff. $3.50.

By MAX COSMAN

IN *Good-bye to All That,* his account of soldiering in the first World War, Robert Graves' set pieces, to be sure, are on the guns, the raids, the trench feet, the gas cases, the casual savageries, the rats at corpses, and ever the apocalyptic hurts and extinctions. Again and again, however, his outrage at the futility and the waste of it all comes to white heat. One has in mind particularly that occasion when the news of the Armistice reached him shell-shocked, sick at camp, and drove him out walking alone "cursing and sobbing and thinking of the dead."

Such agony can do either of two things to a man: it can break him in the many ways men break or it can send him back to a functioning life under given conditions. After subjecting Graves to more than a decade of probation, it decided on the latter course. In restoring him, then, it left him opinionated but not rancorous, sceptical but not cynical, polymathic but not pedantic, labyrinthine but never confused. It also gave him a mission: to confront everything irrational and spurious.

His extensive writings since—like Wells and Bennett he is on the way to fill a five-foot shelf with his own work—are essentially a stripping away of the fictions with which his fellowmen, as he sees it, veil everything past and present. Nothing is alien to him, though obviously certain subjects mean more to him than others.

He deals with prose, for instance,

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at some length in *The Reader over Your Shoulder*. "The writing of good English," goes a characteristic unaffected conclusion, "is thus a moral matter." He of course writes repeatedly on poetry, as the collected essays of *The Common Asphodel* testify. "Poets," he tells us, and again we note his contempt for what is pretentious, "must know exactly what they are writing about in the most practical sense."

Even if his background were not unacademic, he would still want to see a literary work in terms of its unscholared effect. When, therefore, he translates the *Iliad* as he does in *The Anger of Achilles,* he makes good his original concept that Homer belongs rather with Cervantes and Shakespeare than with Dante and Milton; that is, belongs rather with the entertainers than the edifiers. Stressing the conversational at will, but with an ironic masculinity that compels attention, he rescues the classic from its "classroom curse" and achieves the bardic quality it was intended to have.

He does something similar for modern works. His translation of Alarcón's *The Infant with the Globe,* say, is light enough for the novel's parody of heroics yet strong enough to carry the book's magnificent strictures on the evil of self-love and pride. Incidentally, it is Don Trinidad Muley, Alarcón's spokesman for the spiritual, of whom Graves says, "There is no more lovable priest in Catholic literature."

It can be readily seen that his feeling for the natural and the authentic is a pervasive thing for Mr. Graves. As a matter of fact, it informs the whole canon of his work—from a biography like *They Hanged My Saintly Billy* to the anthropological studies of *The White Goddess* and *The Greek Myths,* from such novelistic presentations as *I, Claudius* to the highly individual Christological speculations that fill *King Jesus* and *The Nazarene Gospel Restored.* Inevitably, it gives every work of his a significance that surmounts any cantankerousness or tendency, as there is here and there, to fit interpretation to thesis.

Food for Centaurs, Mr. Graves' latest book, like its predecessor *5 Pens in Hand,* is a salmagundi or olla podrida. It contains, first, a number of stories. "The Viscountess and the Short-Haired Girl," for example, is a droll piece indeed on how three Majorcana are suborned in an English divorce case. As is to be expected, the book does not fail to have some of Mr. Graves' noteworthy talks. One of them, "The Making and Marketing of Poetry," draws satiric but highly needed distinctions between poets and poetizers.

Mr. Graves would hardly be doing justice to his long discipleship to history did he not offer to correct erroneous concepts we may have. By the time he is through we find ourselves straightened out in matters so far apart in time as the food centaurs ate (mushrooms, if you want to know) and the treason of Benedict Arnold. But just to show that his primary interest, as ever, is in creative verse, he gives a fair sampling of his recent efforts and proves, as if proof to that effect were really necessary, that he believes in verse only when it makes good sense, penetrating and heart-rending.

Somewhere in a recent compendium on literature J. B. Priestley speaks of western man as "haunted, bedevilled, inspired by ideas and feelings that often seem new just because they are very old." Though the description was never intended to apply to Robert Graves, it is in great part not an inapt one of him and his work.

A Novel Divided

THE DIVIDED LADY. By Bruce Marshall. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

By MICHAEL NOVAK

THE Divided Lady is a novel divided, unlike Gaul, into two parts; it doesn't leave the critic too divided. It is a breezy story, an adulterous one and mildly entertaining. The language is bantering and light. Its witticisms are burnished by classical quotations from

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the time of the Greeks to the time of Graham Greene; even Bishop Sheen gets a mention, not to mention Eleanor Roosevelt.

The novel starts and ends in England; it perdures in Rome. Man-of-the-world and accountant James Childers is sent to Rome to investigate the fiscal shenanigans of Signor Morabito, the Italian film director. For part one of this divided novel, Childers alternately narrates the progress of his investigation and his affairs in 1958, and the affairs of his previous stay in Rome as a major in the British army in 1945. At this stage, the novel has not yet focussed on the divided lady, but she is in the wings. Fortunately, Morabito dies in an auto accident before the end of part one, so that by part two the divided lady ("That is how we say in Italian a lady who no longer lives with her husband") can have her due. Childers gets her, until she divides again.

Childers is an Anglican and his remarks on Catholicism are frequent. Since the death of Pius XII and the death of General Hamish Ballantyne Dornoch also figure in the book, the saltpeter taste of eschatology is added to Childers' urbane irreverence. The effect is something like that of the one-dimensional characters of Greene's "entertainments," and not less distracting from the light plot than Mickey Spillane's gratuitous philosophizing from his. But what suspense and sensationalism there is, is divided among too many girls, too many deaths, and not enough vivid lechery and bloodshed to fulfill the type. Take it for a not particularly skillful light-heartedness and there's no major quarrel to pick.

REVIEWERS

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